

FROM GERMANY

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A German Watering Place—The Way to "Tickle Trouts"—Scenes and Incidents—Natural Beauties, &c.

[Correspondence of the Commercial Advertiser.]
BATH OF EMS, Aug. 30.
Leaving the old-time hostelry, castle of Loh-

nick, which crowns the summit of an abrupt eminence, at the junction of the Lahn with the Rhine, directly opposite the powerful stronghold of Stolzenfels (the present country seat of the King of Prussia, and from whose walls floats the national standard), and following the course of the former river, through fields of grain, patches of potatoes, and by the side of dense groves and bushes, sometimes making short detours to avoid a deep gully or

on clambering precipitous mountain sides, the sparkling river always beneath us, the forested hills, a grass-covered hill as length as it is wide, a hill of Ems, long known as the most aristocratic of the *Walden* of German watering places, breaks upon our vision.

Situated in a pleasant valley, almost entirely surrounded by mountains, a clear river in front, and an abundance of mineral springs in the vicinity, it seems as if nature had designed the spot for her own remedies—a grand resort for the recuperation of mankind.

The village consists of a few houses along the street, running parallel with the river, where are crossed by two bridges, one of them a neat airy structure of iron, the other resolute one

umber of bill boats, the favorite method of bridge building with these people in former times, is still in vogue. The boats are built at the same time antiquated method of communal labor. Sauterling up the principal thoroughfare, we approach a number of fine modern houses, built by the Government. The houses, are always full, and peeping under the eaves, we see the children of the grove of trees, whose spreading leaves afford a pleasant promenade, we reach the main square, where a large number of people, led by the Grand Duke, and devoted to the various purposes of concert, dancing, reading, and other amusements, are assembling. The saloons are here, and in gorgeous and costly style. Life here is a perpetual festivity. The ceiling is a curtain drops over the large plate glass windows, finely ornamented and gilded chandeliers hang from the fresco ceiling, and the floor is of the most beautiful and highly colored and carefully polished woods. In the center of the saloon (a perfect gem of good taste), the com-

ny is eagerly engaged around the seductive
bric-a-brac tables of "roulette," or "rouge-et-
noir." The light falls upon the
layers and the bystanders, who with anxious
eyes track the movement of the white
ball, as it rolls into the various numbers
of the revolving table, or as the imperturbable
banker," with a slow, methodical voice, re-
cites his mystic words.

But it is not yet the time when the scene is
most brilliant, and the levee is, passing to the
garden, where a fine band of music plays for
four hours," and renders still more agreeable
the charms of Ems. Here, at small tables,
the visitors, sipping their *café-au-lait*, their
eggnog, or their cream, and indulging in all

the vivacity of conversation so peculiar to our continental friends, the majority of whom are of the opinion that the French are the most agreeable passers-by. The first is a French girl, an emigration from Paris (for to Paris are all the watering places indebted in a great measure for their success), dressed in the most modern and fashionable style, while her fluting curls and sparkling eyes have made many a young Englishman's heart beat quick. She is a play, and wins or loses with the same play-amer—the same dashing nonchalance. Following, in rapid succession, come the heavy German and his happy frau, visiting the celebrated places in their own country. Next appear the sickly looking man—sallow and thin as has been the case with a physician "to take the baths," and is, of course, a

his diet and habits as the majority of the visitors are temperate. After him, the English tourist, with his inevitable "Murry" in his hand, and his rosy cheeks and "broad beef and plumage" adding to his *doing* the place, and "would as lief lose a few pounds of fat as not—just for a fyer." Then follow the peasant from Alsace, with broad black eyes peeped on the front of her head like an enormous butterfly—the Prussian soldier, with his gleamed helmet and high top boots—the Swiss, with his white hair of Switzerland, and the dark Italian—until, at last, comes the Frenchman, with his wine, his music, his dances, and the pleasures of the day are adjourned to the "saloons of the universal," which now, brightly illuminated, feel all their powers of attraction, and it ap-

In the *Great Hall*, a band of musicians in the gallery are playing the favorite airs of the day to a gaily dressed and fashionable audience. The audience is asked to respectfully answer all questions, and when it is considered that all this is free—no charge being made—will at once appear what profits the owners of the "bank" must make, to allow them to support such magnificence.

At the tables, the same scene is presented in the afternoon, only heightened by the rich and gaudy lights, the reflection from numerous mirrors, and the increased attendance of visitors.

Still rolls the little white ball, still does it

poor" into white or black, or into a certain number, still to the bankers with their rakes laid in their piles of gold and silver, or return twice and sometimes ten times the amount. Here, too, the wine is sold, and the music to the concert saloon, it permeates the atmosphere of the reading-room, it even finds its way to the garden, and with seductive voice whispers, "Come and win."

Shakespeare has said:—"Foolish, thy name wastes reason." But alas for the frailty of man! In the wine he finds the wisdom of the world again, the glittering piles of gold and silver are him on, he stakes a greater amount—he loses. Determined merely to regain what he has lost, he continues his playing, and leaves his table, poorer by far than when he entered, or are men the only players; old women are

ingling with the "raven" reser-
and blind hands of their younger sisters, and
l, lured by the seductions of the game,
men bound by a potent and invisible charm.
No wonder then that these magnificent
moons are kept up, or that attractions of
the moon are so much talked of.
In the morning, at about six, the band again
plays in the gardens near the springs, which
are situated in a long hall, not peculiarly in-
teresting or attractive. Invalids, with fancy
obohemian glass cups in their hands, are there
even walking about, waiting for the water to
be pronounced "through the" walks,
while the "belle of the evening" takes an
early morning before breakfast. The scene pre-
sented in the morning is very different to that at
night; then all is invested with romance, gas-

that being a well-known agent of decayed youth—but now the pale faces of the sick, or the dissipated countenances of the “sins” are the objects of his pity. He requires the far-famed fountain of youth, “to ever restore them to their original freshness.”

As the morning advances, the stores (which early all lie in a long row near the Kursaal) begin to open, the “drinkers” retire to their rooms, and the usual quiet of a country village is broken by the never-varying sound of pleasure in the afternoon and evening, and the “twice-told tale” of frivolity and dissipation.

Notwithstanding its *fast life*, Ems has its quiet nooks and pleasant walks. On all its neighboring hills extensive views may be had, and for the sake of the frequent possession of a beautiful situation, The Lahn valley, the

Overlooking the town, a little temple perches on the very edge of an almost upright rock, from whence the eye wanders up the steep, wooded slopes of the hills. To the left the modern buildings of the railroad depot are seen. Further to the right a troop of donkeys stand ready saddled and bridled for the use of the tourist up the steep slopes, always finding a host of customers.

Such is Elms of the present. The scenery is very different from that of the past. The medicinal springs, it has passed through various fortunes, is still patronized by thousands, its really fine scenery often neglected for the gambling table, that licensed sin, which is open

A CURIOUS SUICIDE.—A respectable woman named Lloyd, residing in Washtenaw county, Wisconsin, some days since visited a store in Milwaukee, where she had long traded, with the object of making purchases. After rejecting various articles, she was discovered by the clerk had his back turned upon her, concealing a shawl, when detected, she immediately paid for and left the store. Fearing that the matter might come to light, she resolved upon suicide, which she effected as follows: A few days later she went to a mill race some four miles from her home, where she drove a stick into the ground, on which she fastened a handkerchief so as to mark the

spot. Then, tying one end of a long string to her arm, and the other end to a stump, to prevent the body from floating away, she went into the stream and was drowned. Thus the poor woman was found. She was upward of fifty years of age. An examination of her house revealed the fact that she must have been in the habit of purloining goods for years, although from what motive it is hard to tell.

